

HE WAS IMMERSSED.

BUT HE DIED THREE DAYS LATER FROM THE EFFECTS.

(Associated Press by Leased Wire.)

OAKLAND, MD., April 12.—Jacob Mosser, a young man, lying at the point of death, was persuaded by the Dunkards to submit to being immersed. He was carried to a stream on a cold day last week and ducked three times. Three days later he died, and the State's attorney proposes to institute proceedings against the perpetrators of the outrage.

DUNKARDS MAY BE INDICTED.

BALTIMORE, April 12.—State's Attorney Hamill is engaged in investigating the cause of the death of Jacob Mosser, who was immersed in an ice cold river by Dunkards after a physican had declared him fatally ill with consumption. The man died in three days after the immersion.

These and similar items are going the rounds of the Eastern and Southern press. I am not sufficiently informed to be able to say whether the allegation is true, as a Maryland newspaper correspondent has a well known habit of getting off one or two falsehoods every winter about Dunkard baptizing in ice cold water. More than likely the incident has been grossly exaggerated, but the fact remains that the German Baptists, and perhaps the Brethren too, do sometimes baptize in ice cold water. I have seen the ice cut, and delicate persons taken down into the awfully cold water, to their intense suffering, and, saving a miracle, to their physical injury.

The German Baptists are so much opposed to baptisteries that they cannot very well avoid the icy baptisms, but there is no good reason why the Brethren should ever mix this cruelty with the practice of a sacred ceremony. Our baptisms can be performed in baptisteries, where, especially for delicate persons, or for the sick, the water can be properly tempered. If the case described in the foregoing newspaper items really occurred, it was, even with the German Baptists, totally unnecessary, as it is allowable in their practice to provide a temporary tank of tempered water for the very sick who desire to be baptized. It was not only very indiscreet, but totally unjustifiable that they should bring upon the trine immersion practice the reproach implied in the circumstances of this case.

B. C. MOOMAW.

THERE is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A LIVING BRIDGE.

Johnny's elbow rested on the table, his hand supported his head, and he was buried, mentally, in the open book before him. Uncle Dan sat before the open fire, leisurely fitting a new handle into his mallet, and glancing occasionally at Johnny, or through the window into the street. His thoughts wandered with his eyes. A man passed by on the opposite side of the street, and Uncle Dan smiled, half complacently, half contemptuously, as he recognized in the bent figure a man who worked by his side in the great Agricultural Shops.

"Jim Brent is back in the shop again, but he won't keep his place long," he mused. "He thinks he is reformed, but he won't pass them saloons many weeks till he'll be drunk once more, and then he'll be sent off for good. His likin' for liquor is a big ditch that he'll be sure to tumble into first or last, and then he will be hangin' 'round the saloons the same old way he was before, and his boy will be out of school once more. That's a nice enough boy of Jim's, too, if he had half a chance. Why can't the man take care of him as I do of Johnny? It takes Johnny to get ahead with his studies, though! He just dives into things."

The old man looked proudly at the boy's bowed head and earnest face.

"What are you studyin' into now, Johnny?" he asked, not because he expected to be much enlightened by the answer—Johnny's studies were usually a mystery to him—but because it was such a gratification to be awed by the boy's learning.

"Ants," said Johnny. "The teacher wanted us to learn what we could about them and the wonderful things they do. Just think, Uncle Dan, of ants that march in long columns, have officers, dig tunnels so that they can make their journeys underground and keep out of the heat of the sun, attack men—"

"I never come across any ants of that kind," interposed the old man, rather doubtfully.

"Oh! these are African ants," explained Johnny. "Du Chaillu—he's a great traveler, Uncle Dan—tells about them. But the queerest thing they do—our teacher told us that, and I was trying to hunt it up—is to make bridges of themselves. When they come to a stream a number of them hang on to each other with their claws until they form a cable long enough to reach from a tree or bush on one side of the stream to one on the opposite side, and so they make a living bridge on which the whole regiment can cross in safety. The teacher said that if human beings would sometimes try to be

living bridges, and help other people over hard places, there would be—" Johnny's eyes went down to his book again, and the last words of the sentence came dreamily, after a long pause—"more safe traveling."

"H'm!" grunted Uncle Dan, looking into the fire once more, with his thoughts going back to his weak shopmate.

There was a long hour of silence; Johnny was busy with his book and Uncle Dan with his thoughts. Then the old man spoke hesitatingly.

"Johnny, mebby you could like Will Brent well enough to sort o' help along a bit—when you see a chance?"

"Why, I do," answered Johnny, wonderingly. "I only hope he can stay in school."

"I've been thinkin'," pursued Uncle Dan, "that if I kept watch of Jim—walkin' with him to and from the shop, mostly, and lendin' a friendly hand now and then—he wouldn't be so likely to go down again. We might have him and the boy here sometimes, and mebby me and you could be a kind o' livin' bridge for 'em, Johnny. I do reckon that's what the Lord wants us to be."

Johnny's whole eager face showed how much he wanted to help his friend, but all he said was:

"Now I know what African ants were made for."—*Kate W. Hamilton.*

THE ARAB'S LESSON.

"My son," said an Arab chiefton, "hasten to the spring and bring me a basket of water."

The lad hastened and worked long and diligently to fill the basket, but before he could return to the tent the water leaked out. At length he saw that the labor was vain, and he returned to his father and said:—

"Although I repeatedly filled the basket, the water would not stay."

Then his father took the basket and said:—

"My son, what you say is true. The water did not stay, but see how clean and pure is the basket. So it will be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the precepts you hear, but keep trying to treasure them; they will make your heart pure and fit for heavenly use."

THERE are questions which nothing can answer but God's love, which nothing can meet but God's promises, which nothing can calm but a perfect trust in His goodness. . . . There is a shadow and a mystery upon all the creation till we see God in it; there is trouble and fear till we see God's love.—*Dr. Dewey.*

INDUSTRY is fortune's right hand.